

Famous Nappy Leon.

More than a century ago, on the picturesque island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean, in a certain comfortable barnyard, a fat and handsome hen sat upon a baker's dozen eggs of her own laying. Her husband, Scurf, was a cock of quiet, respectable habits, never known to indulge in wordy controversies through the fence-poles, nor in crowing and challenges of his neighbors. Since his marriage to his spouse, Dame Letitia, he had not fought a single duel which, considering the times, was a remarkable circumstance.

Dame Letitia, I fear, did not yield that respect to her husband which he deserved; for often when he came bringing her a particularly juicy worm from the garden, a delicious grub, or some morsel of corn that he had won from the granary, she would draw his attention by so saying a peck upon the head or so fierce a peck at his gills that he would be fain to retire with a squall.

Dame Letitia, however, came of ancient fighting stock. There had been famous gamecocks in her family; and, respectable as she was, when the white cock, residing in the adjoining yard would thrust his head between the paling in contemptuous challenge of Scurf, she would, according to her custom, give him a peck on the head of his quizzical neighbor—Dame Letitia had been known to send the master back to his family with a nip in his comb that all his wives—for he was a Turkish cock and kept a harem—had much ado to heal.

It is not to be marvelled at, then, that one, at least, of Dame Letitia's brood, when hatched, should exhibit the hereditary fighting strain. This little rooster, when his mother named Nappy, Leon, after some distant ancestor, fought his brothers before the shell was off his back; and never a day passed but Dame Letitia had to rescue one or another of her downy children from the bill of their fiery brother Nappy.

As time went on the young Nappy became the tyrant of the barnyard. He fought a desperate battle with cocks of his own age. He pecked the heads of all the chickens, and pulled out the feathers of all the ducks. One day he even confronted a tough old gander, and it must have gone hand with him had not his father happened along, and, by a judicious mingling of persuasion and flattery, soothed the irritated combatant and averted the impending catastrophe.

Dame Letitia was secretly very proud of her mettlesome offspring, and by her hints and encouragement did much to even the soft influence of her husband. The Scurf would sigh deeply as he saw his wife tenderly preening the ruffled feathers of her favorite after one of his daily battles.

"Ah, wife," he would say, "I fear you are doing very wrong to lend countenance to our son's quarrelsome disposition."

"Nonsense!" she would reply, "He will get on all the better for showing some spirit, as others I could mention should not. This was one of her back-handed buffets, which she knew as well how to deliver. For the Scurf was not alone in all the barnyard ground for his mild character."

"Perhaps," would be the quiet answer, "unless he should get into the soup in the meantime, my dear."

After a while even the doting mother began to be alarmed at the pugilism of her favorite, and sometimes went so far as to administer a peck upon the head of the youthful Nappy—which, as every one knows, is the ancient form of chastisement among fowls. But Nappy had gotten beyond maternal control, and with a "squawk" of pain and anger, the spoiled chick would be off to pick another scuffle with the red-tailed hawk, his particular enemy, or the Black Spouter, a long-tailed bird who was just sporting his spurs and boldly declared his intention of putting down that hot-headed Nappy some day.

As long as the hen cackled, when the young Nappy Leon would leave the paternal roost and seek his fortune in the great world, he had grown to the age and proportions of a fine fowling, and it was time that

he should begin to lay the foundations of his future career, unless, indeed, he were to end it too early upon the gridiron with garlic and turnips, after the Corsican fashion. His father had determined to send him away to school, where, as he put it, he might win his spurs while getting some sense knocked into that overgrown comb of his.

Dame Letitia shed floods of tears, and there was even a suspicion of moisture upon the venerable beak of the Scurf himself, as he called his son to him and delivered a few last words of advice and encouragement by his practical and ambitious wife.

"My boy," he said, "you are going forth a strange stranger, from whom you can not expect the tenderness and consideration you have received from your father and me. You must hereafter scratch for yourself, and you must be prepared to submit to many restraints and humiliations when your proud spirit has hitherto reared. But let two words guide you in your way through life; namely, patience and policy."

The annals, written in bird-Latin, and often with spluttering quills pulled from the wings of some captive goose—are not easily read, but we gather that while Nappy was wandering about Paris, roosting in trees, and scratching alive out of garbage heaps, and, besides, getting a parcel of French money, and a wise old fowl met him one day, and learning his situation got him a post in a flock of Galle cocks, Burgundy ravens, Breton geese, and a Ganton duck, together with a great number of Parisian loons, guilts, snipe, storks, sparrows, and what not. It appears that a small number of fowls and crows, many of which were of the French nation, lay in his paddles. Nappy Leon, with the adventures and unquiet disposition which went so far toward his later success, and from these devices a plan for the explanation of the defenders of Toulon. He laid his scheme before Gander, who hesitated, quailed, hissed, nibbled at his only remaining wing, and finally, after a long and painful struggle, he decided to take a nip from the mad-puddle before which he had established his quarters, pulled out and ate a very large earth worm, with a profoundly reflective aspect, and—concluded.

Nappy Leon proceeded at once to his quarters. Doubtless there might have been seen a haughty carriage of his head, a more brilliant gleam of his eyes, a loftier pose of his comb, as he summoned his flock for the assault. Be this as it may, he selected his starting party with great great dispatch. He chose Brienne's "Heavy," uniformed in yellow and black; Thibault's "Whites," in snowy vests and green jackets, every fowl of noble family; the Verger's "Scurfs," and finally, Champion's "Sparrows," hardy, reckless little fellows, before whose thin bills even the "Royal English" had more than once taken flight.

We need not pause to describe the event. It will suffice if we say that Nappy, at the head of his gallant flock, swooped down upon the surprised and demoralized foe, and, after a short but desperate battle, drove them, pell-mell, out of their works, with terrible clackings, squallings, screechings and cacklings, in a cloud of torn feathers, wings, beaks, gills, combs and top-knots. Nappy himself had a desperate, though brief, combat with Major Flemish, the commander. Those who witnessed the struggle declared afterward that the sight of it was worthy of a poem.

The further history of Nappy Leon is a long tale of bloodshed and victory over his enemies. His grateful followers put him on top of the finest hen-coop, and he was declared to be the emperor fowl of the whole country. But when he came a time when Nappy had to abdicate. He could do nothing else if he wished to save his life; for he knew that he must otherwise "get it," to use a bit of slang

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frequently in Nappy's mouth, "where the hen got the axe"—that is in the neck. On a far-distant island of the sea, he pinned away the remains of his life, nibbling his feathers, stalking around his narrow domain, feebly cawing and dreaming of again the great dreams which once while had kept the world in excitement. "Peace to his feathers!" He was a wonderful fowl in his time, but his life illustrates the great truth that, bad or man, if we fly high, we may fall low.—Adapted from *Democrat's Family Magazine*.

MODERN BOX AND COX.

Mitchell's Chicken Was Purloined From the Pot by Friend Alonzo.

John Mitchell, colored, is a prisoner at No. 1 station-house, charged with assaulting Alonzo Cole. Policemen Kimmartin and Ricketts arrested him, and John told them a story which he considers justification for almost any kind of an assault.

John and Alonzo live at No. 325 Thirteenth and a-half street, and yesterday evening John purchased a chicken with which he proceeded to make for his dinner some rich and savory chicken soup. He made it, and just after taking it off the stove he stepped out for a moment.

Just about that time in walked Alonzo. The appetizing odor of chicken soup fell across his nostrils, and he followed the smell to where the pot stood. The temptation was too great for him. It was an opportunity such as seldom came his way, and without much hesitation he plunged his fingers in the pot and ate all the chicken out of the soup. Then he went out in the yard and went to sleep.

John returned, and seeing a spoon he dipped into the pot, expecting to find a huge chunk of chicken there. Much to his disgust, however, the soup that he left so well

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filled with chicken was nothing but broth. In his rage he rushed out, and seeing the recumbent figure of Alonzo on a bench he went over to him. There were traces of chicken about Alonzo's mouth, and John waited for no more. He jumped on his chicken-loving friend and walloped him all over the grass plot until Alonzo finally managed to escape and relate his woes to the two policemen. John was locked up, and will tell his story to Judge Miller to-day.

Evidently Mistaken.

"Did you remember me?" asked an oldish man with the look of a farmer about him as he leaned forward in a Grand avenue car and addressed a man who had just finished reading his morning paper.

"Can't say I do," was the reply after a look into his face.

"Wasn't we ridin' together on a car on this line a year ago and I told you I was goin' to sue my neighbor for knockin' a horn off one of my cows?"

"I don't remember."

"Didn't I tell you I'd have the law on him and get even if it cost me every dollar I had?"

"I really don't remember. You must have got me mixed up with somebody else."

"I don't think so. I went at it and sued the man, just as I said I would. The injury to the cow didn't amount to 15 cents, but what with fees to lawyers and witnesses and the costs I'm out about a thousand dollars."

"That's too bad."

"But didn't you tell me it would come just that way?" persisted the farmer. Didn't you say the lawyers would get my farm while I was trying to get satisfaction?"

"Oh, but not now! I see now that it must be a case of mistaken identity. Being a lawyer myself, I should certainly have advised you to sue and keep on fighting the case in court till you hadn't a pair of boots to stand in."—Detroit Free Press.

Fired at the Policeman.

Henry Ciesie, a cooper, employed at the Seventh street power-house, was arrested last night by Policemen Coffin charged with profanity. When the officer attempted to take him into custody he drew a pistol and fired upon the policeman. Ciesie was locked up at station 4.

TO EVERYBODY purchasing from us on the above named dates, we will give a Handsomely Chased and Engraved Solid Gold Watch, stem-winder and setter. You may say, how can we afford to do this? Well, we have taken these watches from a large dealer in exchange for lots at TUXEDO, and not being in the jewelry business, have concluded

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